

The Time for Accents

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Summary: Hiccup goes missing and Astrid goes looking for him.

The Time for Accents

HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON - THE TIME FOR ACCENTS

Disclaimer: I own nothing except this Storyline and plot. How to Train Your Dragon (Movie) belong to their respective labels and what not.

Rating: PGR

**Warning: This Story contains some language, but nothing too bad.

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Genre: Fantasy, Drama

Era: Movie Verse - Post the Final Battle against The Red Death.

**Notes:

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- In the Books, the Red Death is apparently called The Green Death.

**- Yes, I'm aware that historically, Viking Culture, etc. existed before the U.S. did, and the knowledge of that land probably doesn't exist, but that's how the fic works.

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><p>Astrid was running through the woods looking for Hiccup. He had been missing for the last few hours and no one knew where he had disappeared to. Not even Toothless; who was currently in Berk eating a lot of fish that had been caught earlier on that day.</p>

It had been about three months since the battle against the Red Death, though why it was called the Red Death, she didn't know, as the Dragon was actually Green. But she shrugged that aside.

She knew that life was hard for Hiccup, everyone wanted his help about the dragons now, everyone wanted to be his friend since he was no longer seen as Hiccup the Useless.

It was incredibly stressful for him. And the fact that he was still trying to get used to walking with a prosthetic leg didn't help either. It was frustrating, and she could see it written on his every feature when he tried to hide it from her.

Finally she came to the Alcove where she first encountered Toothless.

'Hopefully he's here,' she thought to herself as she looked in.

And sure enough, there was Hiccup, sitting on a large boulder, staring at the water.

She climbed down the side of the cliff and approached him.

"Hiccup?" she said quietly.

Hiccup turned and looked at her.

"Hey, Astrid," he said with a smile as she sat next to him.

"What are you doing?"

"Thinking,"

"About?"

"Nothing important,"

"Hiccup?"

"I'm being serious, it's nothing that important,"

"That important?"

Hiccup looked at his girlfriend as she gave him a 'You better tell me what's wrong with you or I'll slug you' look.

He just let out a loud sigh.

"Is it about the madness of life after the fight?" she asked.

"No,"

"Having too many people ask you about dragons?"

"No,"

"Is it about your leg?"

"No,"

"Is it about me running around naked and climbing into your bedroom at night to sleep with you,"

"No...WHAT?"

Astrid laughed, "I was checking to see if you were listening,"

"Oh, right, phew, don't scare me like that, I was wondering when you ever did that,"

"Never, but I could, one day,"

"Oh really?"

"Really, so, what's bugging you?"

Hiccup just let out a sigh before saying, "It's the Village that's bugging me,"

"See, so what's wrong?"

"Well, I've been thinking about something that happens to the village, I mean how does it happen?"

"How does what happen?"

"All of us, who aren't married and are children, well, our accents, the way we all talk, it's different from our parents, think about it, we have American accents, and our parents and elders...well, they're all Scottish, how did that happen?"

Astrid just blinked at him. But now that she thought of it that was true.

"You know, I don't know," she said, perplexed.

"I mean, when will my accent change from what it is now into a burling Scotsman?" he asked, "Like my Dad, 'Excuse me Barmaid, my son's the new Hero, you should give him some mead and let him get drunk, '"

Astrid laughed at his impersonation before stopping and looking at him, and getting slightly frustrated, "Wait a minute, you mean that you got the whole village to worry about your safety when all you were worrying over was our odd accents?"

Hiccup laughed at her as he hopped off the rock, "I told you it wasn't that important, last one back to Berk is dragon dung," he laughed while running.

"Hiccup, you, I'll beat you," Astrid said competitively as she raced him back to Berk, trying to slug him every time she was about to catch up.

"OW," Hiccup yelled as Astrid ran past him, slugged him hard in the arm, and took off ahead of him.

"That's for making me worry," she said as she ran past him.

"HEY, What about the 'everything else'?"

But Hiccup never got his answer as Astrid beat him back to the village.

All he received on his arrival back was the gloriously embarrassing nickname of Hiccup Dragon Dung for the rest of the day.

Courtesy of Astrid of course.

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><p>End.

AN: Short, Simple, Done. The First FF I've actually completed. It's probably not great, but you know. A first for everything aye?!

((Also, if anyone can give me a clue on how to actually get double spacing between paragraphs because I'd like to write more, please PM me...I tried the shift+enter and no matter what I do, it won't space the story into paragraphs and it's driving me a bit crazy)).

End
file.